



of this extreme sensibility and susceptibility, least by any act of the kind—should be avoided...

Mr. Hone observed, there had not been in that letter any mention of Slavery...

Mr. Armstrong thought that the way to bring this discussion to a parting shot was to expunge the whole passage...

Mr. H. C. Robinson seconded Mr. Madge's amendment, that that part which related to the coming on from America, should be expunged from the Report...

Mr. H. C. Robinson said, that it seemed to be supposed that the motion now submitted to the meeting proceeded from gentlemen entertaining one particular view...

and private relations of the gentlemen who had signed that letter, and of those who had not signed it...

At the suggestion of Mr. Wasney, Mr. Taggart again read the passage here proposed to be expunged...

Mr. Taggart could not allow that there was the slightest connection between the name of a person not mentioned in that paper, and the present question...

Mr. Laurence thought, that if this letter were expunged from the Report, on the ground stated by Mr. Armstrong...

Mr. H. C. Robinson said, that it seemed to be supposed that the motion now submitted to the meeting proceeded from gentlemen entertaining one particular view...

Sir, and care not how soon you dissolve the Union. You know which side your bread is buttered, from the wharves and shipping of New-York, to the factory holes of Lowell...

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Sir, we defy your hostility, whether as Unionists, or as Disunionists, or as Abolitionists, or as Northerners. We do not use that other box, called ballot-box, which is just before the cartridge-box...

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land, in the two last lines were transposed, as the reader would doubtless observe.

We send the Haverhill Gazette the number asked for, with our acknowledgments for the good word spoken for the Standard.

We regret to see in the Cincinnati papers the announcement of the death of John Van Zandt.

The NEW LIBERTY PARTY have nominated Gerrit Smith and Eliza Burritt for President and Vice President.

From our Boston Correspondent. No. XIX. The American Character.—Adapt of Mr. Polk.—His moral, Comical Whig notions.—Gnat-straitening and Camellia-swallowing.—The Correspondent illustrates aptly.—His counsel what consistency requires of Boston and Massachusetts Whigs.—Retaliate the measures taken by the manufacturers and the merchants, and describe their banners.—Unlucky illness of the Defender of the Constitution.—Ill Effects of a Toad diet.—Divers rejecting and disavowments in preparation for the detection of the President.—Heroic self-devotion of Gen. Taylor.—The correspondent expounds his Presidential preferences, and quotes the Game Chicken.—Mr. Alcott and his President of the United States.—The Prison Discipline Society and its quarrel.—Family likeness to New Org.—Real question at issue.—Impregnable position and arguments of Mr. Sumner and Dr. Howe, and the way they are treated.—The correspondent opens this Scripture, and sheweth wherefore Philistines are brought acquainted.—Unfairness and Calvinism.—Good religion enough for the poor.—Stomach and turtle-soup.—The correspondent concludes his discourse with an "Improvement," &c. &c. &c.

Boston, June 17th, 1847. This is a day, as you will see if you will look at my date, which is the fiftieth of all possible nations makes one of its few festivals. Most nations celebrate the anniversaries of battles which they have won, and erect monuments to record their victories; but it is only the great people, I believe, that thus glorifies the time and the place of a fitting they once caught. John Tyler was certainly a fit presiding divinity, (especially as he carried a slave with him upon the bill.) and Daniel Webster a suitable officiating priest, to assist at the inauguration of the Monument to American Humbug on Bunker's Hill, some four or five years ago. The Charles town people are celebrating the day this afternoon, thus showing that like Mrs. Gilpin,

They have a great mind. For thereby they not only avoid interfering with the regular hours of business, but also the necessity of a public dinner. They have an escort, a procession, an oration from a Reverend Mr. Somebody-or-other, whom I never heard of before, and have forgotten his name, and I dare say any quantity of other magnificences suitable to the occasion.

As to John Tyler's visit. I suppose you know we are living in hopes of one shortly from his illustrious successor, the Great Conqueror of Mexico,—Mexico he would have been so named, had he had the good luck to have been an Old Roman, himself, instead of only being the neighbour and nominee of one. This prospect, however, has given occasion to some of those funny manifestations of the American character, the enjoyment of which is all that makes existence in this country endurable. The Daily Advertiser and some of the other old Whig organs have been turning up their respectable noses at the expected advent, and intimating that the cold shoulder should be turned to him, as a testimony against his conduct in the matter of the war! "Here's richness for you," with a vengeance, which well may vie with that which made fat the ribs of Whackford Squares, himself! The men whose galleys were wide enough to swallow at a gulp two such bumping dromedaries as Deacon Briggs, and Mr. Winthrop, making very faces as they strain at a poor little goat like Mr. Polk! Why, it is like Mother Midnight, or Mother Cole turning their backs upon some poor Doll Teasheet, because of their inordinate virtue!

It is due to the consistency of Massachusetts, and especially of Boston, to give Mr. Polk such a reception as never President had before, not excepting Washington himself. There was never one whose public conduct received such an unequivocal seal of approbation as was given to his at the late election. All who voted for Governor Briggs, as well as all the Democrats, are bound, if they have any regard for common consistency (a very uncommon thing, by the way,) to show to the person of Mr. Polk, the respect which they have proved themselves by their actions, to feel for his public policy. And I am happy to be assured that this will be done. I believe that I violate no confidence, when I state that at a late meeting of the manufacturers, it was voted to escort the President, in a body into the city, headed by two of the most eminent of their number, each bearing a banner, the one having for an inscription, "Do what you will, it is too late to resist!" and the other; "Resistance to Tyrants—may be attended with bad results!" At a numerously attended meeting of merchants, also, it was resolved to show the President the same mark of respect, and JOHN H. PEABODY, Esq. was appointed to lead the procession, displaying a banner presenting a slave whipped to death for running away, with a Boston slave ship in the distance, and the motto, "Saved him right!"

It is earnestly hoped that the Defender of the Constitution will be so far recovered from the surfeit under which he is now suffering, in consequence of an excessive indulgence in Toads, during his late Southern tour, (an article of diet much affected by Northern Statesmen in Southern latitudes,) as to be able to perform the act of homage on behalf of Massachusetts to her Paramount Lord,—a part which his frequent rehearsals of late, at the South, have eminently fitted him to perform. It is intended to entertain the President with a banquet on the Common, in which all the Resolves of Texas, and relating to Slavery, to the Annexation of Texas, and other kindred subjects, will be read by the hands of the Editor of the Standard. An essay of the Hon. Samuel Hoar will be, at the same time, suspended from a gallow prepared for the purpose, (unless the original can be procured, instead,) as a slight atonement for the insult offered by Massachusetts, through him, to the sovereign power of the nation. An attempt, also, will be made to unearth a fugitive slave, of whom it is believed there are many brooding about this city, so that His Excellency the President, may be gratified with the sight of a Slave Hunt in the streets of Boston. In short, it is believed that no pains will be spared to make his visit agreeable to the Guest of the city, and honourable to his Hosts.

Talking of Presidents, reminds me to say that I cordially agree with you in your appreciation of the patriotic self-devotion of General Taylor, in being ready to be offered up an unwilling victim on the Presidential altar, should the sacrifice be demanded by his country. Leonidas, and Curtius, and Decius, and all the rest of them, may stand aside, and make way for Zachary, the Confessor. And then his humility in hoping that it is better man may be found! But you know merit is ever modest.

Modest as he is, however, the next President he will assuredly be. This I see, although I admit he is not my first, nor yet my second choice. People are usually very non-committal as to their Presidential preferences until the nomination is regularly made. But I despise such time-serving. I make it no secret that my first choice for President is Mr. Garrison; and my second, if that cannot be arranged, is Mr. Calhoun. Give me, for my money, a man that knows what he would be at, and goes at it. One who is capable of following the advice of the Game Chicken, Mr. Foot's boxing master, to Dombey, to that gentleman when he asked his opinion as to the management of a love affair. "When your

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1847.

What does Gen. Taylor want?

"White the battle," says the Tribune, "raged fiercest at Buena Vista, and the victory was yet doubtful, Santa Anna dispatched a messenger to Gen. Taylor to inquire what he wanted?"

It was a significant question. One which the soldier in the heat and dust of the conflict might well have paused to ponder upon, and answer a man.

Perhaps he did think of it, but could give only the soldier's answer. At least no more fitting reply could be made than his reported words at another time, to those around him—"Give 'em hell!"

But "what does Gen. Taylor want?" What, rather, than Gen. Taylor's masters? What want a Christian Republic that its soldiers should stand there upon a foreign soil, and butcher its people? Are those people tyrants, or tyrant's instruments? Do they curse the earth they tread upon, making it red with blood of slaves? Are they under the ban of the Almighty, and should all good men hate them, and rush as on a new crusade to exterminate them from the face of the earth? It is a part of the mission of this great Republic, that in obedience to the law of progress, and that it may realize the hope of the universal democracy, it should hunt down these miserable Mexicans, and spread over their fair land the blessings of freedom of true peace, and good will to men?

The history of the world has, here and there, a page whereon is recorded that some virtuous and vigorous nation has struck down some giant tyranny that has been suffered to exist too long. And history is full of stories where tyrannical power has overthrown and subdued its weaker neighbours that its own might might flourish and spread, and live the longer. How will the future history of the present day tell the story of this Mexican War?

But it matters little what history shall say of it. A people who are so reckless of what they do, need care little that posterity may say of them. However more infernal than all other wars that were ever waged this war may be, however infamous may have been the "want" of Gen. Taylor, and Gen. Taylor's masters, when two millions of men stood all day long and shot at and killed each other at Buena Vista, its infamy belongs not now to the administration at Washington, to its party, or its servants. There was never more completely a national war. The servile press, with the Tribune at its head, that devoted to a few millions ago in obedience to what seemed then to be the popular voice of the North, has learned its mistake. The successful bandit-captain, the clear-headed, and heartless, and conscienceless soldier, who knows no higher duty than obedience to orders, is now the darling of the people, and is proclaimed the only man worthy of the people's choice as their ruler. And herein is his great merit—that he has slaughtered a great many men—has made thousands of widows and orphans—has made desolate many a happy home—has successfully carried out the commands of his superiors, and robbed a neighbour-Government of its territory, that Slavery may extend the farther, and live the longer. Other merit than this is not claimed for him, except indeed that he writes short dispatches—a quality, however good it may be, seems to be forgotten, might well give way to that which would have no such cause as dispatches whether long or short. Whatever it was that Gen. Taylor has wanted on behalf of his Government in Mexico, it seems pretty certain that he will get on his private account more than he ever dreamt of. For the "hell" he gave the Mexicans he will get Heaven in return—at least the only Heaven that Americans believe in—the Paradise of the highest office and the largest salary. So much do the virtuous and enlightened people of these United States hate a war for conquest and Slavery.

DR. BURNS, THE FREE CHURCH DELAGATE.—A Correspondent of the Era says that Dr. Burns, who was one of the Delegates of the Free Church of Scotland to this country, and is now a settled minister at Toronto, Canada West, wrote to the Committee of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, as follows, in reply to an invitation to speak at their Anniversary:

In other circumstances, I certainly would have responded favor

man's before you, and your work cut out, go in and do it!" Such a man, I apprehend my second choice, as well as my first, to be.

As to my first choice, I do not know that I have anything left to desire in this respect, if I may believe what was once said to me by that excellent man, and spiritual philosopher, mine honoured friend, Amos Bronson Alcott. I was one day talking over public matters with Mr. Alcott, who is well known, has a way of his own of looking at things, and a corresponding way to express his ideas, and among other things, Mr. Van Buren, then President, was mentioned. "Martin Van Buren," exclaimed Mr. Alcott, in his deliberately emphatic manner, "people suppose that Martin Van Buren is the President of the United States! But they are mistaken. Garrison is the President of the United States!" This "Orphic Saying" I leave for the consideration of those who are worthy to understand it.

The quarrel in the Prison Discipline Society, of which I told you somewhat in my last letter, though a very pretty quarrel as it then stood, has been growing prettier ever since. It puts one amazingly in mind of our old New Organization battles. There is the same avoiding of the true issues, the same making of false ones, the same attempts to divert attention from the actual question raised to the unpopular characteristics of the persons who have raised it. The only question raised by Mr. Charles Sumner and Dr. S. G. Howe, the chief sinners in this matter, was simply this: shall the Prison Discipline Society be a partisan and sectarian body, devoting itself to magnifying of the Auburn system, and the misanthropic or neglect of all others; and shall it use its influences, as far as they extend, to the spreading of Calvinism, or shall it be the medium of diffusing light as to all systems, without giving the preponderance to the method or the doctrines of any particular sect,—the Society being composed of persons of all religious opinions, and in a great proportion Unitarians.

This appears all plain enough. The position is one absolutely right, and nobody has attempted to invalidate it. The arguments of Mr. Sumner and Dr. Howe are perfectly conclusive and unanswerable, and nobody has attempted to answer them in any substantial particular. And yet, to read the squibs in the newspapers, and to hear what is said in private, and to see the attempts to maintain some atrocious theory at war with the best interests of the human race, by arguments, the folly of which could only be equalled by their depravity! Wise men shake their heads in alarm, and pronounce these young gentlemen to be the most dangerous men in the community! The platform is crowded, and after night, with eager disputants, full of fire and fury, against them, but signifying nothing to the matter formally in hand.

Now there is something underlying all this, of which this demonstration is the manifestation. It is not the Congregate and the Separate systems; for the great mass of those who talk about this matter, in and out of the Society, do not care a button whether convicts are confined alone or in herds, so they are kept out of their way. It is not a conflict between Calvinism and Unitarianism; for Unitarians are as virulent as Calvinists in their attacks upon the imaginary foes they have conjured up. It is the conflict between Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy in the broadest sense of the words,—between the old and the new,—between those who believe only in things as they are, and those who wish to make them better. When men venture to differ, however moderately, from this American world of ours, as to such vital matters as War, Slavery, and Hanging, and especially when they find fault with regular Whig-candidates, and run opposition tickets, they will find Pilate and Herod ready enough to be at one to crucify them. They must make up their minds to be marked men, to be crushed on the first opportunity.

"Hic niger est, hunc tu castro, Romani!" This coalition between technical orthodoxy and Unitarianism for the purpose of putting down opinions, is nothing strange to those who have been brought up in the Unitarian camp. Multitudes of bright Unitarians (to use a Quakerism), and many who came in by conviction, (to use another), years ago, are heartily frightened at the fulfilment of orthodox prophecies as to what Unitarianism would lead, in doctrine, and at the practical agitations which have been historically subsequent to the Unitarian movement, if not logically consequent upon it. I have no doubt that if these alarmists should find themselves by any accident in the Genius Pharo's Palace of Truth, they would confess that they are sorry the schism ever took place, and that they only wish that they could put everything back where it was fifty years ago.

And as to the particular matter of this Society being under Calvinistic influences, it is a thing very few Unitarians would care anything about. I have a notion that most Unitarians rather like the idea of Unitarianism being "cavied to the general," and are well inclined to consider Calvinism, in any of its forms, as a very good sort of religion for the common people, for the poor, the labouring classes, and the convicts. And so they have no objection to helping them to it; as a turtle-fed Alderman may smack his lips over a bowl of charity soup, and pronounce it to be "excellent food for the poor!" Not that I mean to compare the generosity of Unitarian preaching to turtle soup. Heaven forbid! Though esteemed something of a Grahame for some years past, I have too tender a remembrance of calipash and calippee for that!

It is this view of the real nature of this division in the Prison Discipline Society that makes it of any general and permanent importance. It is the consciousness of this truth which embodied distinctly to the mind, or not, that has excited the interest that has been felt in it by those engaged in the conflict, and by the lookers-on. It will undoubtedly work out good in the important field of Prison Reform. But I hope that the gentlemen who have shown so much zeal and knowledge in behalf of the offenders against man's laws, will make themselves yet more odious, and come to be regarded as yet more "dangerous men," by giving themselves with equal devotion to the destruction of the system which makes the one nation in this land hopeless prisoners for no crime, and the other their cruel, mean, and cowardly keepers.

D. Y.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

Death of O'Connell.—Reception of the news in Ireland.—His influence for the last twelve months.—Probable place of his sepulchre.—Young Ireland—his character—their claims against the British Government.—The writer visits the County of Mayo.—Shocking condition of the people.—His account of it.—Counties of Mayo and Galway.—Duty of the Irish people.—New Poor Law.—Probable change in the tenure of land.—A Prophecy.—Exaggerated fears of death from starvation.—Catholic Priests.—An instance of their conduct.—"Come-outerism" from the Catholic Church.—Districts of Erris, Connaught, and Galway.—Relief inadequate to the distress.—Slaveholder's bounty, and purchase of Douglas.—Practise of Cropp.

DUBLIN, May 30, 1847.

MY DEAR GAY:—O'Connell is dead. He died at Geneva on the 15th of this month. This event, which some years ago would have been fraught with such important consequences, has excited a surprisingly insignificant manifestation of interest here. The Repeal newspapers, to be sure, make capital out of it, and are clad in all the pomp of heavy mourning borders, but there are no gatherings of groups in the streets, no lengthened, sorrowful contortions, no manifestation of popular concern, nothing to show that the most celebrated man of his nation—the most world-famous man of the age,—the wielder of a nation's will—has departed. My own impression is, that owing to his coalition with the present Government, his virtual abandonment of the repeal cause, his quarrel with the Young Irelanders, and the terrible shock which the country has received from the Potato Blight, his influence was never at so low an ebb, as within the

past twelve months. The people feel that their diseases are such as his remedies could never reach. They do not regret him; they would have done if he had vanished from the scene when they believed all he told them, and hoped for all he promised. The popular voice was the foundation of O'Connell's power—the breath of his nostrils. Now that he is gone, it is humiliating to see how little he appears to be regretted by that democracy through whose confidence he exerted such unparalleled influence. His heart is to be sent to Rome, to "the tomb of the Apostles"—the body is to be brought to Ireland—some say to be placed among "his people," near Derrynaane, in the county of Kerry, whilst others declare that by his own express desire, he will be buried in the Roman Catholic church at Westland-row, in this city, which he was instrumental in erecting, and where he was a frequent and devout attendant when at home and in health. I send you a copy of the Nation newspaper, the able mouthpiece of the Young Ireland party. These young men, you are aware, are sworn foes of British connexion, bigoted "Celts," scorers of the "Saxon" race, worshippers of nationality, sports about ancient Greece and Rome. They glory in the laurels won by American in the Mexican war, despise the coloured race, laugh at the Abolitionists, talk big about religion and their horror of infidelity, and exert all their talent and energy (which are considerable) in inciting bitter and malignant hatred of England and everything English, (including political economy,) as the highest duty of every Irishman. For the last year or two of O'Connell's life, this faction have been at open war with him. He unceremoniously, and with little regard to truth or fair play, expelled them from the Repeal Association, and they, nothing daunted, set up on their own account, and owing to the abundant stock of folly yet remaining amongst us, they are well able to stand alone. I was curious to see what they would have to say of O'Connell, after all the abuse they received from him, and which they returned with interest. I find that by the help of that peculiar composite style, made up of Carlyleism, school-boy eloquence, and vaunting Celtic nationality, in which they are adepts, they have managed the matter very well.—You will observe that amongst other high crimes, they accuse the present English Government of a determination to exterminate, or at least to consent to the extermination of two millions of the Irish people, by famine and disease. The malignity of such a charge is absolutely diabolical. It is my belief that the whole corps of the Young Ireland writers, poets, and orators, have not done so much or thought so much for the relief of the poor sufferers in Ireland, as many individual members of the English Government. I have not heard of a man of them, who has distinguished himself by the humblest effort to alleviate the present distress.

Some few weeks ago, being desirous to see with my own eyes, some of those parts of the country in which the people were said to be most distressed, I mentioned to the Friends' Central Relief Committee my intention of visiting the western coast of the province of Connaught, and I offered my services, if they could make use of me in any way, for the promotion of their views. The result of this offer was, that shortly after it was made, I was requested to proceed to the north-western part of the county of Mayo, to investigate the appropriation of some of their grants, and to distribute, at my discretion, some provisions that they had stored there for the relief of the poor. I was nearly three weeks from home, and during my absence, I witnessed more extreme wretchedness than I had seen in the whole course of my life before. Every night since my return, my rest has been more or less disturbed by dreams of the shocking misery I saw there. Within the last few days, I read in a recent Anti-Slavery Standard, Elinor Barrett's powerful and feeling description of his visit to Skibberene. Whether it be that excessive misery is always more horribly revolting in towns than in country districts, or that his words are stronger than my experience, I cannot say, but I thought that his account conveyed the idea of his having seen worse things, and more of them, than I saw—and yet I thought I had witnessed as shocking sights as could be seen. He visited many fever cases, while I avoided them, not thinking it well to run a needless risk, for the sake of merely gratifying my curiosity. Not being a physician,—nor a dispenser of anything but food, I could do nothing for the poor creatures. I have had hundreds of men, women, and children around me, whose fathers or mothers, sisters or brothers, husbands or children, were lying in fever, and who were themselves famishing for food. On my return, I drew up a report of my excursion, partly for the information of the Friends' Committee, and partly with a view of saving myself the necessity of repeating the same story over again to my American friends. I thought it would answer the double purpose very well, and that the readers of the Liberator, (most of whom, I presume, have given us a helping hand in this great extremity) would like to see a picture of another exceeding miserable section of this poor country. The district of Erris, to which my attention was especially directed, contains a population of twenty-five thousand souls, but the two counties of Mayo and Galway, through which I travelled, contain collectively, upwards of seven hundred thousand inhabitants, being only equalled in this respect by New-York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, whilst their area is not within one-third that of the State of Connecticut. A very large portion of these two counties are so wild, boggy, and mountainous, that they are able to support but a very scanty population, and it is wonderful how the people are crowded together, wherever the land has afforded facilities for potato cultivation. The business of the true friends of Ireland in this emergency is not to rake up the members of old dissensions, national antipathies, or religious feuds, but first to keep the people from starving, and then to co-operate to the best of their ability for the carrying out of such measures as afford some hope of better times.

A new Poor Law has just been carried through Parliament, which gives every individual unable to work or procure work, a right to some subsistence, and though the measure of relief thus afforded is very scanty, it will establish a very heavy impost upon the land, which will be obliged to defray the expense. It is believed that many of the present embarrassed and impoverished landowners will be unable to bear the burden, and that they will be unable to escape it, except by selling their estates which will then be likely to pass into the hands of men of capital, of energetic business habits, who will keep their position by establishing manufactures, cultivating the soil, and employing the people. I am aware that the system of holding land liable to rent, is abhorrent to American ideas, and that many amongst you, if called upon to establish things on a fair basis in Ireland, would take the whole island, parcel it out into plots, and give every man a share, throwing the landlord's right of property overboard, and compelling everybody, from the peer to the peasant, to maintain himself by his own hands. To say nothing of the robbery and outrage which should be perpetrated before the plan could be set going, I am very doubtful whether, supposing it to be in full operation to-day, it would not be found this time five years, (provided the new proprietors were left to themselves) that a great many of the holdings had changed hands; and that owing to the indolence and improvidence of some, and the acquisitiveness, avarice, or ambition of others, there would be a prospect of a rapid return to the old state of things. I am but a poor politician, and no pro-phet—yet I do think that those who will be able to weather through the next five or ten years, will see Ireland (through their efforts) better off than I have no doubt that it is rapidly improving country. I have no doubt that the land was properly cultivated, and the people industrious and fully employed, this country would support, in comfort and plenty, many more than its present population. As to "the Nation's" outcry about the two millions who are to perish of disease and famine, it is nothing of a nation's attention, by whomsoever originated. Nothing of the kind will take place. Provisions are dear, and the poor are badly off, all over Ireland, but as to deaths by starvation, they have been very few but as to deaths by the American press. The style of the "getting up" is peculiarly neat and elegant, and the character of the illustrations much better than

those of similar English publications. They are not little fanciful pieces, but faithful and simple representations of real objects, with few exceptions. Gossiping about poets is always welcome. We never tire of reading the same stories told for the thousandth time of those immortal minds whose inspiration has blessed the earth by their presence. Mr. Howitt is essentially a gossip, he loves to pick up anecdotes and retail them again, and woe to those who baulk him in his predatory excursions; he vents the malice engendered by his disappointments in the ugliest words that ever hate clothed itself in.—While in Ireland he visited the former residences of Mrs. Tighe, the author of Psyche, and for some reason or other was denied entrance, whereupon he abuses the whole family of Tighe, as though they were his mortal enemies, and rates the nephews of the dead poetess for marrying the daughters of noblemen, with as much scurrilous abuse as though they had been guilty of the deadliest crimes. Mr. Howitt is peculiarly unthrift in his attempts at wit, but having exhausted his violence of abuse upon the Tighe, he brings the whole force of his malign wit against them, and says that "Mr. Dan Tighe is certainly not Dan's." Mr. Howitt never exchanged a word with the Tighe; he knew nothing about them, but that they did not choose to admit a stranger into their houses at an inconvenient hour. He did not put himself to the trouble of preparing letters of introduction, but presuming that his name, "having been twenty-three years before the public," was a sufficient introduction to anybody, presented his card as his credentials. In one case the gentleman was not at home, and the lady was lying-in, and in the other, the house being a "show-house," was never open to strangers when the family was at home. It certainly appears to us charish in the latter case not to have admitted Mr. Howitt, but it was a private house, and the fact of the proprietor being the nephew of a deceased poetess, did not make him a public servant. If he did not choose to admit a stranger into his rooms who professed to have called out of mere curiosity, it did not render him and his whole family proper subjects of malignant abuse. But Mr. Howitt seems to think that he has a right to pry into the private affairs of any family or individual when he is in pursuit of materials to fill up a book. The widow of Southey refused to communicate to him any particulars respecting the domestic habits of her husband, and he revenges himself by heaping up opprobrious terms upon the dead poet. If Southey had been alive, and capable of writing an article for a review, the judgment pronounced upon him by Mr. Howitt would have been very different from that which he has put into his Haunts and Homes. He abuses the dead lion without stint for lauding George the Fourth, and very properly, we think; but in his notice of Kit North, who was a hundred times more guilty and venial in his respect than the laureate, he utters not a word of reproach, nor even intimates that the editor of Blackwood's Magazine was the base and brutal of all the sergic pack who whined and licked the dust before that worthless monarch. The spite and malice of Mr. Howitt towards all who thwart his views, are as painfully evident as his knavish cringing to those from whom he expects a favour. The difference between Southey and Kit North is, that one is a dead and the other a live reviewer. The article on Swift is full of narrow prejudice and bigotry. Mr. Howitt has taken great pains to distort the unhappy circumstances of the poet's life to his disadvantage, and even falsifies history in attributing his personal afflictions to youthful excess. This part of Mr. Howitt's book is so bitterly unjust to the subject, that we are tempted to believe it was written by Mary and not William Howitt. There is a womanly spite in it that appears unatural in a man. But the truth is, a person of Mr. Howitt's turn of mind, should never have presumed to meddle with a character like Swift's. The gossiping book-peddler, writer of literary catch-pen-tries, could no more comprehend the qualities of such a giant as that which conceived the Tale of a Tub than a pig-peddler could understand the movements of an eagle. One of the crimes which Mr. Howitt accuses Swift of, strangely enough, too, for such a peace-loving, quakerish writer, in his having by the sole power of his pen, compelled the English to make peace with Louis the Fourteenth, after having deluged Europe with blood, and saddled the nation with a debt of sixty millions to no purpose.

There are parts of the book which are written with force and in a truthful and gentle spirit, and the whole of it is in that light, gossiping, and story-telling style which is the great characteristic of the author, and the chief cause of his popularity. Some of the sketches are written with force and feeling, and many of them contain good criticisms, but they contain nothing that is new, excepting the author's opinions. The best of the sketches is that of Chatterton, which is imbued with a fine feeling of indignation that carries the reader along with the author. But Mr. Howitt is very apt to be carried away by his prejudices; he denounces right and left, without stopping to examine the justice of his fulminations; his censures of Horace Walpole are not warranted by the known facts of his treatment of Chatterton. Mr. Howitt calls Walpole a "selfish aristocrat," and similar names, which are peculiarly inappropriate to that misunderstood man. Walpole was the most democratic man of his age in principle, and one of the most liberal and useful; he was half a century in advance of his time, in liberality of feeling, and was among the foremost of the progressives at that unprogressive period. He was among the first to denounce the African Slave-Trade; he was the first to applaud the revolt of the American colonies; he was opposed to capital punishment, and he was ever the most merciful of the satirists of aristocratic and monarchial vices. Although he inherited an Earldom he never made use of his title; he relinquished voluntarily a considerable part of the income to which he was entitled from sinecure offices bestowed upon him by his father, and he expended his fortune with great liberality, partly in paying printers and engravers, who he maintained in his house, for the purpose of publishing the works of his friends; yet Mr. Howitt calls him a selfish aristocrat, because, when a boy had endeavoured to cheat him by selling him some forged manuscripts, he did not reward the lad's ingenuity. There is no evidence that Walpole knew of Chatterton's necessities, and he surely might be pardoned for not discovering the great poetic genius which no one else had bestowed a thought upon. It sounds very oddly to us to hear Mr. Howitt accuse Swift and Walpole of selfishness after reading the modest account just published by Mr. Saunders, the editor of the People's Journal, detailing the selfish and mercenary conduct of the Howitts towards him, of their base and deliberate attempts to ruin the prospects of a young literary adventurer, and deprive him at the same time of his character and his property. A strain of indignant feeling for the wrongs suffered by literary men from the powerful in purse and station runs through the whole of the chapters of "Homes and Haunts," but Mr. Howitt has not related a circumstance in the whole list of literary grievances that equals the baseness which he and his wife were guilty of in their attempts to injure a worthy man whose sole offence was his success in establishing a literary journal which they wanted to control and own. If Mr. Saunders did not, like Chatterton, commit suicide, it was not for the lack of suicidal annoyances from Mr. and Mrs. Howitt.

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Poetry.

From the People's Journal. MOVE ON.

All the stars in heaven are moving, Ever round the bright spheres roving; Twinkling, beaming, raying, shining; Blackest night with darkness lining; Aye! revolving through the years, Playing music of the spheres, Like the eastern star of old Moving toward the shepherd's fold, Where the wise men—grace to them! Found the Babe of Bethlehem. God is in each moving star; God drives on the pleiad car; Let His will on earth be done As in heaven the stars move on.— Move on! Keep moving! Progress is the law of loving.

All the waves of sea are flowing, As the winds of heaven are blowing; With a gentle beam-like quiver Flows the streamlet to the river; With a stronger waded commotion Flows the river to the ocean; While seas' billows evermore Flow and gain upon the shore— Wave on wave in bright spray leaping— Like eucalyptus never sleeping; While the pool which moveth never, Grows a stagnant bog for ever— White-gilled die its tenant tench, Green its water, foil its stretch, Wildering marsh-fires o'er it run, While straight flows the river on.— Move on! Keep moving! Progress is the law of loving.

Thus within the skies and ocean Life is married to motion; Stars revolve, and rivers flow, And earth? what said Galileo? When in dagon damply lying, Paint and tortured, hardly dying, Yet for truth, with honest pride, Yet, "It moves! it moves!" he cried, And the world? its life is motion, As with stars and as with ocean. It is moving, it is growing, All its tides are onward flowing; The hand is moving towards the loaf, The eye is moving to the roof, The mind is moving to the book, The soul lives in a moving look, The hand is moving from the sword, The heart is moving towards the Lord! Move on! Keep moving! Progress is the law of loving.

SONNET.

BY A. C. FRENCH

We live not in our moments or our years; The Present we fling from us, like the rind Of some sweet Future, which we after find Bitter to taste; or bind that in with fears, And water it beforehand with our tears, Vain tears for that which never may arrive; Meanwhile the joy whereby we ought to live, Neglected or unheeded, disappears. Wiser it were to welcome and make ours What'er of good, though small, the Present brings; Kind greetings, sunshine, songs of birds, and flowers, With a child's pure delight in little things, And of the griefs unborn to rest secure, Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT: AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodor

CHAPTER XI.

The course of our narrative leads to the bay of Goave to Rigaud's plantation, where, upon the estate of the sea-shore, Antonia, now for some time restored to the circle of her friends, was seated by the still, thoughtful Petion. A fresh breeze came over the billows, which broke on the shore at their feet, and both sat interrupting the long pauses only by brief and indifferent questions.

"You have not visited us for a long while, my friend," said Antonia, at last, "and now that you are come, a pleasure I have so long desired, you grudge me even a cheerful face."

"I would look at you ever," returned Petion with a forced smile, "and to-day rather than on other days. I try and say to myself, shall I always retain in mind every little lineament? Will not memory, after some years, prove false to me? And if I should never see her again, will she not forsake thee too? Then I look at you, and then far off upon the abyss of waters, and praise myself in forgetfulness."

"How you dream again, my strange, sensitive friend," rejoined Rigaud's wife, jestingly, "You have one of your black hours. It is the way with noble minds; a weakness seizes them in certain moments, which borders on despair. Then hope and faith vanish, and the world and man seem but worthless things from which only death can deliver one. But the love of God comes to their aid, and faith returns, and the energy of a human heart awakes, and one feels again that he belongs to the world and to humanity, and he hearkens to new conflicts, and wrestles for a new reverence for human life."

"O! how truly do you know how to speak," said Petion, moved. "Now again I feel it, the gates of life are open again and again, I hope, and believe." At this moment Augustin and Ramiro approached. The former took the hands of his wife and of Petion, and with unusual gentleness of manner, "said he, with unusual gentleness of manner, what a miserable man must I be to wish to destroy this sacred friendship, and to forget what a right Petion has to my uttermost confidence and friendship."

"O, hush, hush!" said the youthful Petion, pressing the hand of Augustin. "Thou art a thousand times nobler and better than I, my brother; thou art the ideal of all virtue, and to rave about him with all the enthusiasm of what she calls a pure, spiritual friendship. But it is all a fraud, and silence only makes the mischief worse. The spirit is more dangerous than the body, and especially dangerous if it inhabits a body that practices knightly deeds. It is not merely that everybody is applauding his spirit, his knowledge, his discretion, his noble actions, but the wild fellow runs off with track hounds, and brave companions

into the wild recesses and caverns and /rees his fair friend out of holes where monsters were keeping guard over her."

"The horrible Higgs!" exclaimed Antonia with a shudder. "In my dreams I often see the bloody, painted figure still."

"Lucky for thee if thou seest nothing else," said Ramiro drily, and then half laughing, half threatening, he added: "And how shall it end with this Palatia to whom one owes life, freedom and honour! He! you self-confident young thing, have you thought how, if this friendship may come to you? Platonic love, nonsense! Plato died in a prison-house, and all his life long was a dreamer who sat of nights in the moonshine, and could not sleep for his feelings, and created fantasies out of the clouds and stars without looking at the earth."

Here Augustin suddenly sprang up, and while he looked out over the sea, he said: "A way with all this prattle, I am satisfied, for I have learned from Petion what a great and noble character is, and Heaven itself could not convince me that my sweet Antonia does not love me with her whole heart. But Heaven have mercy on the false hood, de Jumeourt, if he ever falls into my hands!"

"Where is he?" said Antonia. "In Grand-Anse," replied Ramiro. "He, his uncle, and several of those who escaped the great blood-bath at Cape, have gone thither. The Commissaries wink at it, and having gained the victory, care little to ask whether they have fled, although some curiosity would be reasonable."

"What can the Commissaries do?" said Petion. "Grande-Anse has a warlike population, who would by no means allow the Charmillis and their friends to be torn from them. And where is the army to do it by force? We all know very well that the army in the North has begun more violently than ever. The Spaniards and negroes have put Santonax and de la Veaux to flight, and driven them entirely from the mountains. The large districts of Port Dauphin, the parishes of Limbe and Dondon are lost, and what has it availed that the Commissaries have promised entire freedom to the negroes?"

"Hold!" said Ramiro, "it is only the mad Santonax who has done that, but Polverel, who still mourns his loss, and whose darling his darling has lost much of his enthusiasm for freedom, has endeavoured to keep hold of the system of gradual emancipation, and is everywhere laying out plantations."

"Where the lazy brutes run away, when they ought to work," cried Augustin. "I have always said so. A negro who is not driven to work by the whip, is good for nothing. Just give them freedom, and you will see what they will do with a negro and freedom!"

"Let the negro have his way to civilization," said the old Ramiro, "and he will not require many thousand years to reach our culture. O, shake not your yellow head, my son, I will utter a prophecy. The black cloud, which rests up there on the mountains of Limbe, will soon spread over the whole land, and whoever does not bow the knee and worship the black God, will be destroyed forever."

Petion, who cared not to continue this conversation, pointed towards Port-au-Prince and said, "so the contest of there is quite decided, and Borel has escaped."

"Off," said Ramiro, "and I hope in safety, on his way to America, if Rigaud and the Commissaries have not meant otherwise."

"Rigaud?" said Petion, smiling. "And don't you believe, wise citizen Petion," cried Ramiro, "that it had been easy for him to stop the hole by which the fox escaped? Rigaud had several thousand men with him who knew every foot of land between this and Jacmel. The Commissaries too brought with them a pretty number of their white soldiers, and not a mouse could have slipped away, when the big ships of the line and the frigates, lay at the same time before the bay and the city, and were only waiting for the four-and-twenty counters to blow into atoms the last remains of the old Creole braves."

"Civil war," murmured Petion. "It is a terrible word."

"And a devilish deed," said Ramiro, "but dear Heaven! how else shall freedom appear on earth? Borel has rendered the Commissaries good services, especially when the object was to drive away the unfortunate Blanchelande, who has now laid his head under the axe at Nantes. Therefore they favoured the move, when the citizens of Port-au-Prince called the little Marquis into their city as Commandant of the National Guard, and thought: certainly that so active a citizen, one who had done so good service, would forget his rank and all his old domineering Creole propensities. But the wolf, says an old saying, will part with his hair, but not with his flesh, and secretly had Borel got warm in his place, scarcely did he feel himself possessed of power to show his teeth, scarcely did he see that the old spirit was sprouting again in Port-au-Prince, when he awoke again the fury of the old Creole, who all his life long had hated ebony and yellow wood to the death."

Augustin looked dark at these last words, and cut short the sarcastic vein of his father-in-law, he cried aloud: "This is the old story, the old story, the old story, my rival, the Marquis de Lasalle, and began the war against us anew, while he strove to establish the old Creole order of things. Then the Commissaries came down upon him, my brother joined them, the city was besieged, forced to surrender, and if they had caught the cruel little devil, he would have been hung."

"But no one wanted him caught," said Ramiro. "It was not for the interest of the gentlemen of the Convention, or for the interest of the people, to destroy him. But he is off, and down there in the huddled city sits now lady de Borel, and keeps her festivals as a great patriot just as before. M. Santonax knows what suits her, he comforts the mourning one. M. André Rigaud, M. Beaurais, and other noble citizens came, too, and are delighted to hear the proud lady speak with horror of the plans of her run-away spouse. And she is heavy in her joy, for she is the only one of the ladies here, and is once more as beautiful and lovely as ever."

Augustin pointed out to the sea, in which direction he had been looking attentively for some time. "Look there," said he, "what sails are those off behind Goave—large ships coming against the wind: I count six."

"Merchantmen," said Ramiro. "In Port-au-Prince, lies a whole fleet, and riches that could supply half Europe with sugar, coffee, and cocoa." But those vessels are sailing towards Port-au-Prince," said Augustin, and their manoeuvres are strange enough. It seems as if they had met here, and while some are going northward, others neither approach nor depart."

"They are taking, then, like prudent people," replied the old man, "waiting the favourable moment."

"By Heaven!" cried Augustin, in alarm, "they must be ships of war. What are they after? What does it mean? What do the Commissaries propose?"

"Must they needs be French?" said Ramiro. "Do you see the tri-colour, my child? Do you hear their vive la République? It seems to my old eyes as if there were a red flag at the top."

"Augustin ran to the brow of the hill, Ramiro followed him, but Petion turned to his lovely friend, and said in a low, firm voice, "I bid you adieu, Antonia." She looked mournfully at him, and then extending her hand towards the sea, "Far and long, I know it, and perhaps forever," replied Petion. "Forever!" how brief and how terrible is this word, the only one whose meaning man cannot comprehend. One should not utter it without trembling. No, my friend, not forever! We shall meet again."

"Do you ask such questions?" said Antonia, gently, "and yet it is you, who have so often said to me that man was hung into the world for obduracy, that he might come forth victor over evil?"

"Said so?" said Petion, moved. "O surely, in this conflict, for the eyes grow cooler, the visage extends farther on to the forehead, and what seemed noble and divine, transforms itself into a hostile phantom before which faith, hope, and hope disappear."

"My unhappy friend," said Antonia, "Your high spirit is in the depth of despair. Your way is dark, it leads these right paths."

"And these right paths," replied he, "where are they? Ah! Antonia, I lose myself in seeking them. Life has prostrated, tormented me, the curse stands written by fate on my forehead. I go and despair, you shall not find a heart!"

"Not find! my dear, dear friend," said she, in broken accents. "No, and more fearful still," cried he, "and never possess. I have struggled like a man, and am conquered. Once I was a victor, and once a voice called to me: 'Endure, bear and receive the palm of victory!' Once, I too recognized the necessity by which everything must be as it is—the woe, the cruelties, the whole course of a period of six thousand years, full of blood, and tears, and sorrows drive that terror in the life of the race. We are its passions, to our poor motherhood, to the moment, call the ways of God! The wise seek to trace out the threads of the web and to prove that it could not be otherwise, and the poor creatures who wrestle and struggle, writhe in long agonies ere they can die."

"O! well then is it with those who can believe and pray," said he with a sorrowful voice. "Well is it with them when they who can lay their broken hearts before the throne of the invisible God, when the angels enter the wasted temple, and faith walks calmly for the day when full compensation shall be made."

Tears dimmed Antonia's eyes, as she added, "Hush, hush, it will come, the day, and we, too, shall have part in its solemnities. Go," she continued, weeping silently, "and the angels of God go with you. Those, to whom the world will offer a future of history, shall be raised, above the fortunes and the sufferings of ordinary men."

"I will go, then," said Petion, deeply touched, and mastering his emotion, and as a solitary pilgrim endeavour to believe that heaven has so ordered it. No more weakness: My destiny shall be to love mankind, and suppress the contempt which often overpowers me. To France I will fly, away into my giddy whirl. I will not suffer my way into the world, true freedom, to be torn from me. Farewell, my Antonia, farewell!"

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